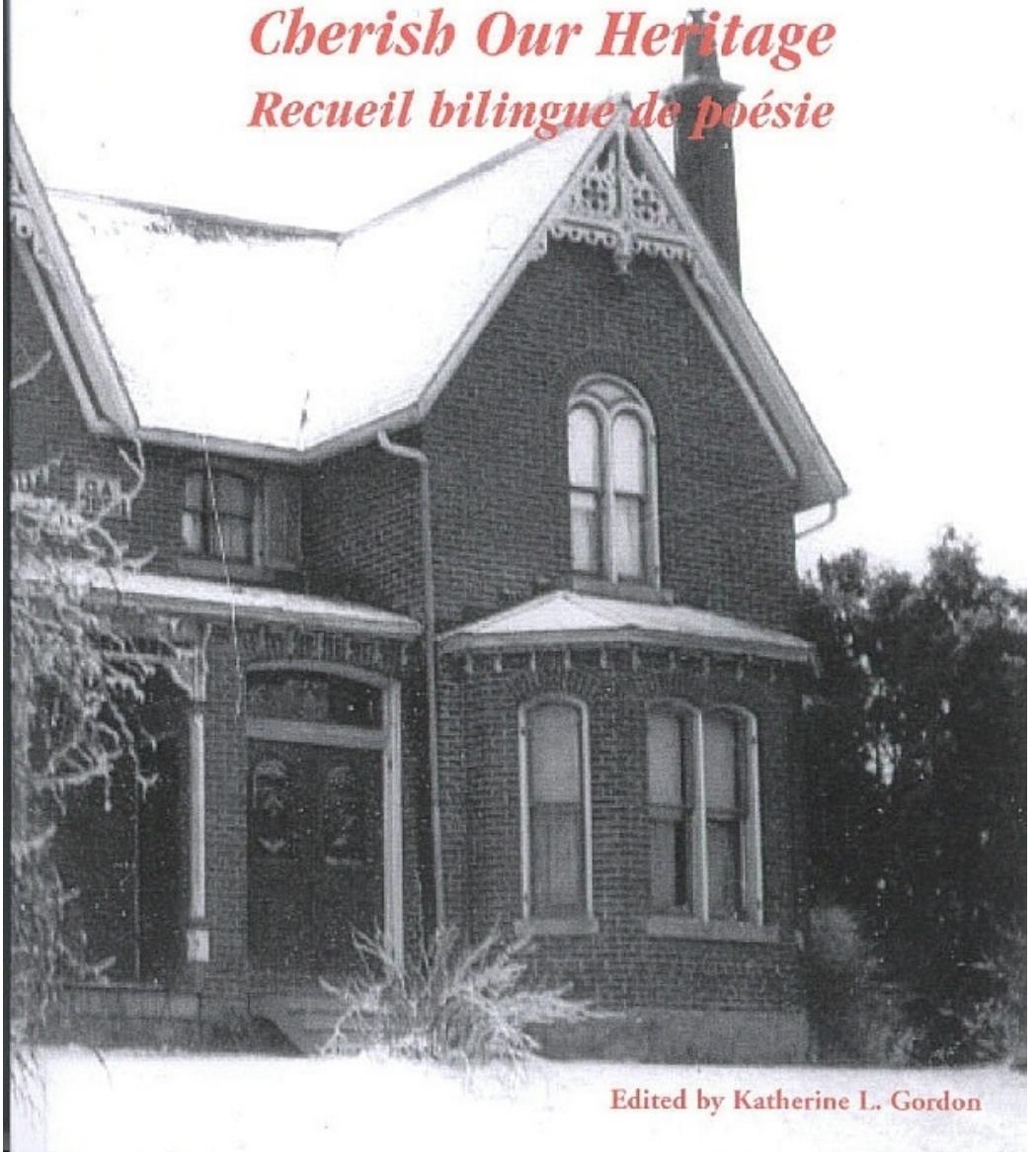


*Cherish Our Heritage*  
*Recueil bilingue de poésie*



Edited by Katherine L. Gordon

# Cherish Our Heritage

## Bilingual Poetry Anthology

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## Preface: Cherish Our Heritage

By Katherine L. Gordon  
Editor.

The forces that shaped us  
hammer through this book,  
the fires of that forge still alight.  
Our contemporary poets have captured  
the resonance of the forefathers  
in the burden and the beauty  
of founding a land.

Peoples long here were usually overlooked,  
occasionally cultural gold was gleaned  
from their long history.

We owe them a great debt.  
Many died for and of this country.  
Others lived for it.

The Canada thus shaped roars in us all.  
Building a country is a passionate adventure.  
Squandering such a hard-won legacy  
is hinted at in some of the present-day reflections  
expressed here in poetry, exploring the peoples,  
architecture, land and water once so prized.  
Learning to cherish and inform ourselves  
of this time-trust is the goal of this work.

Katherine L. Gordon.

## Introduction

It was an honour to have been selected as the French language judge for TOP'S 2004, "Cherish Our Heritage Bilingual Poetry Anthology Competition". As a proud Canadian poet living in Quebec, I embrace my Canadian identity on a linguistic, cultural, and socio-political level. I was both moved and impressed by the cultural richness and linguistic versatility of every poem submitted. I extend my congratulations to the winning poets, but also wish to thank all contributors for their wonderful submissions.

Anna Panunto, Montreal Quebec

C'était un honneur d'avoir été choisie comme juge de langue française pour le concours TOPS 2004, "Cherish Our Heritage Bilingual Poetry Anthology Competition". Fière d'être poète canadien vivant au Québec, j'accepte mon identité canadienne aux niveaux linguistique, culturel et socio-politique. J'ai été très touchée et impressionnée par la richesse de la culture et la versatilité de l'écriture de chaque poème soumis. Je tiens à féliciter les poètes qui ont remporté le concours mais je tiens aussi à remercier tous les participants pour leur merveilleuse contribution à ce concours.

Anna Panunto, Montreal Quebec

## Acknowledgment

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## SECTION ONE

### A HIGH PRICE FOR HISTORY



James Deahl

## Smith's Knoll

*The life of the dead is placed in the memory of the living.*

*Cicero*

It is from Manchester they came,  
from Birmingham, from Sheffield  
ploughboys released from their land  
by the enclosures or  
the unneeded children of the industrial poor  
with nothing to do but starve.

With no plough to follow, no sheep to herd,  
they followed their empty stomachs  
across a land that no longer wanted them  
into an urban dark that could not use them.

Eventually those who had not died  
signed on to march for their Hanoverian King  
in exchange for his promise  
of a pound of meat and a loaf of bread per day.

So one day they marched into this  
maple and elm wilderness on the edge

of a lake great as a sea,  
and knew not where they were or why,  
marching in wool on a hot June day  
in a bath of sweat and mosquitoes.

Or they came from Kentucky or Virginia;  
freckle-faced farm lads after adventure  
or searching out a better future  
in the territory north of the Great Lakes.  
They found this field and pitched camp  
by a creek with a wild rose border  
almost ready to bloom, and the sweet scent  
of flowering black locust spread over all.  
For they were young men in the summer  
of their lives, happy, perhaps,  
as young men usually are to be alive  
and on the move.

And yet they were surprised out of their lives  
in the night of their sleep by the silent bayonet  
or a hatchet releasing the brain's heartwood  
from its dome of bone. Then the darkness was ablaze

with a confusion of musket fire so that  
ploughboy clutched ploughboy  
as they fell together into this anonymous spot  
leaving their names behind, leaving  
their pumping blood to sanctify this land  
the sons of Wiltshire and the sons  
of the Blue Grass State  
joined in Death's brotherhood.

All that was known to mothers  
and sweethearts in England and America  
was this: some returned from Upper Canada,  
some did not.

And in the funeral earth  
they lay these fleeting generations  
without names or nations, unprayed for,  
a jumble of marrowless bones  
where wild roses are about to bloom  
and robins call and the mosquitoes  
winnow the summer air.

So we gather here this Sunday morning  
one hundred and eighty-seven years  
after American cannon fired from this knoll  
to deliver, so prematurely, the souls  
of young men to their maker.  
Perhaps their soldiers' spirits see us now  
as we stand ambiguous at their fresh grave:  
Lieutenant Colonel Bob Barnes of the King's Regiment,  
Major Simon Bailey, Royal Gloucestershire,  
Berkshire, and Wiltshire Regiment,  
Colonel Karen McClellan, United States Army,  
Lieutenant Colonel Rick Mount Pleasant,  
Canadian Forces < and this poet, citizen  
of the United States, yet loyal subject  
of Queen Elizabeth II <and just perhaps  
the dead can hear *Last Post* and *Taps* played  
while the single wooden box of bones,  
draped in the flags of two nations,  
containing the only remains of  
“about” twenty-one men,  
is finally buried in consecrated ground.

As we pray their souls  
towards heaven's peace,  
we understand that we are as ambiguous  
as these lost boys, who fell as enemies  
to lie as brothers in their common coffin.  
With our silent thoughts, and even our tears,  
these soldiers of forgotten identity,  
uncertain nationality, undocumented purpose  
lie now and forever  
in the wild rose shade.

James Deahl

**Driving Across Land Settled By The Loyalists One Week Before Thanksgiving**

*for Simon Diehl, my great-great-great uncle*

1.

A poor year for crops, the spring late, the summer  
too short, too wet. Now the corn stands stunted  
beyond a ditch of cattails, a paler brown and no taller  
as the sun rises like some severe god.

2.

In this ground the first Methodists lie  
under a coolness of pines younger than their graves.  
The Republic they fled lies visible and sullen,  
separated from them only by the autumn river.

3.

Every place has its story and the story here  
is one of rocks and endless winters.  
What were Simon Diehl's thoughts on confronting his land,  
the St. Lawrence at his back, his new life waiting?

John B. Lee

**The Mission of Angels to the Neutral Nation**

What of a people silenced by time  
like chastened children sitting in Sunday chairs?  
The deeper the gravity the less they tell  
in the ossuary where Neutrals lie  
among catlinite beads  
banged kettle brass, hammer stones  
conch-shell pendants and gorgets -  
these blacken-faced people of bracelettted bones  
these dead souls  
lost tongued and quiet though  
kitchen dumps and mud-cat spines  
and carp and brass-ribbed middens, ash-beds of the age  
shout and claw the air  
tangled like maple roots cut into ploughshares.  
And that village there  
below the city  
in ripples of clay  
where Mudd Creek and Fairchild meet and mix their waters

like the rich conversation  
of philosophers

I dream of  
that place once called 'Kandoucho'  
"all saints village" in Attiwandaron tongue  
that place called "Notre Dame des Anges"  
by the friars of the Recollects.

I dream of  
Father La Roche Daillon  
of the scoundrel Étienne Brûlé  
of the map maker Sanson  
of Champlain  
and all the other obliterated travellers of time.

Voltaire said  
'history is a trick the living play on the dead'  
and though the pre-historic Neutral Nation  
expires and is subsumed  
and though the transitory journeying  
of Gallic voices

has wintered in a siege of pines  
has summered  
in bird call grieving the ghost of trees  
sung their songs in smoky branches  
of maple, birch, beech, linden  
basswood, oak, ash, elm  
walnut, swamp maple  
willow elder, and all  
the Latin declensions of wind's ululating loss.

And my city, my brave Brantford  
plays this trick on the dead:  
if they have not lived  
they have not died -  
their bones a lie lying together  
in graves.  
We've murdered their ghosts  
though we hold their ghosts in our mouths  
like a cough of smoke.

I.B. Iskov  
**Cattle Country**

they herd toward dwindling  
high ground, buffalo with mud  
grizzled and bent  
refugees in the sacrificial badlands  
of Alberta  
stars could not eclipse  
the wandering  
useless fury on an empty sea  
the terrain and clouds touch and die  
thunderous winds blow  
wild half-insane  
in the midst of Creation  
with a spiritual heritage all their own  
they wander the pulse of Nature's soul  
naked nomads on the muscled  
aching wind-tossed prairies  
rumpled leaden images rend  
sharp distances  
while some almighty hand

slaps the empty air with rage  
the unofficial history: bloated figures  
nibble on the surface of time  
in a tender existence  
without swallows  
the low-hung ceiling distends  
the primordial horizon  
the reckless grey freedom of the bison  
barbed by silence pure and pale  
in the arms of evening  
cluster beneath the remote endangered sky  
brave the wake of day  
in the struggling autumn

Jacqueline Borowick  
**Le Chant du Coucou**

coucou:...oiseau qui pond ses œufs  
dans le nid des bruants, des  
bergeronnettes, des fauvettes (petit Robert)

Enfant délaissé  
dans un nid étranger,  
provenance, ethnicité  
à jamais réattribuées.

Ni plus, ni moins  
que la loterie biologique.  
Mieux qu'être rebuté  
au centre de distribution de bébés,  
mieux que le déracinement fréquent  
des foyers nourriciers.

Jadis,  
la piste effacée,  
la boîte de Pandore sous clef.

Certains se sont réconciliés  
aux parents qui leur ont été dédiés.  
D'autres entreprennent  
des recherches généalogiques  
pour repérer la parenté,  
incarnent en chair et en os  
les indiscretions du passé.

Se demandent-ils parfois,  
enfants abandonnés,  
à quel point le destin les a réinventés?  
La voix du sang murmure-t-elle  
dans le silence de la nuit?

Vanna Tessier  
**de Champlain: a Visit to St. Croix Island**

wind whipping crests  
black waves  
crashing against the sides of a ship  
crossing the Atlantic  
the salty scent of freedom  
a promise  
sailing  
the seasick crew  
watching the ebbing flow  
scarlet-veined rocks  
fingers pointing to the truth  
the blessed  
terra firma  
wet grains of sand  
measuring the role/roll of dice  
the meaning of language  
murmur of a shell  
spreading across the island  
where history crams images

etching the future into our minds

mystery

a mist bleaching the horizon

present angst

hindsight

in the winter of 1604-05

howling night

blowing bone-dry cold

brushing anger against stone

eroding years from lives

due to lack of vitamin C

an outbreak of scurvy

or mal de la terre

stalks de Champlain's men

out of 79 men

36 could make it with him

across the ice

some of them cut their links with reality

waiting for another chance  
until their gambling pays off

James Deahl

**Husk**

After the first hard frost  
farmers enter upon their frozen land  
to bring in the year's feed corn.

Along rough county roads

draught horses plunge in heavy air,  
forged shoes striking congealed ruts.  
Stalks rustle in the wind's teeth  
brittle with the scent of snow.

Through the long dusk the grain  
is dragged by solitary workmen  
to barns that lean red  
into the blood of a harvest sky.

All autumn the men go  
silent among the ragged trees that  
mark off field from hand-worked field.  
Stiff with sleep they dream of corn,  
dream of that bullet of frost  
lodged in the heart of every kernel,  
of the dead weight of each iron  
ear in the shucking hands.

Vanna Tessier  
**at Head-Smashed-In**

rocks  
biting into skulls & bones  
framing  
the past gnawing at tomorrow  
a crop of dark clouds  
slicing across  
the purple streak of the horizon  
hooves beating  
the kettledrum  
notes from the wilderness  
promise  
a stormy jump  
off a blood-red cliff  
a silver-speckled blade of sandstone  
the last frontier  
glittering eyes  
watching the stampede  
from Buffalo Jump  
fate speeding up  
a fatal blow  
pushing you over the edge  
chiselling anger  
angst  
what you forgot to say  
listening to the rumble  
of stampeding bison  
wind gusts  
blowing  
rainclouds  
a blood bet  
brooding  
over Head-Smashed-In

Jacqueline Borowick

**Cigales et Fourmis**

De la cigale si mal servie  
je m'inquiète depuis longtemps.  
Est-elle morte affamée ou bien  
a-t-elle dansé sur l'étang congelé,  
fait des pirouettes dans les champs enneigés?

De sa descendance,  
les troubadours chantent le beau temps  
sur leurs cordes d'instruments,  
entonnent des contes d'hommes et d'amour,  
de peines et de combats.

Se glisse parmi eux la gent de rue—  
clochards, malades, voyous crottés,  
cigarette au bec collée ou encore,  
accompagnés d'un chien qui quête  
avec triste mine et l'air abattu.

Dépourvus ou imprévoyants,  
chacun a sa longue histoire.

Passons tout droit ou offrons des sous—  
mais le mépris, sans contredit,  
est digne de fourmi.

Wayne M. Brown

**Canadian History Lesson 1608 - 2004**

cadence

-gin-

cali ous cat-

ar-

act

-s

canoes Cayuga

cathedrals candles catechism calico

carbi-n-e-s / cannon a-d-e-s / carn - age (captives)

Kanata quebecq

Canadian Canad-IEN

cacophony

C a n a d a

Wayne M. Brown

**At The Grave Site**

*for W.O. Mitchell (1914-1998)*

don't look for him here  
concrete will not hold him go  
to Crocus and listen to the wind  
careless in the prairie grass listen  
for boys' voices, excited, pouring water  
down gopher holes watch for bare butt  
moons rising in the Little Souris River  
(one will be Bill's) seek him in back yards  
bare knees down in the hot dust, his  
shooter thumbflicking cat's eyes and milkers  
out of the magic circle or building stilts  
or flying long-tailed kites  
to catch the clouds  
he is not here maybe he's at Lobbidy's  
or the pool hall with Liar and Musgrave  
listening to King Motherwell, chewing  
on black licorice plugs bought with  
gopher tails --- they will be deciding who

can spit the furthest, with the best technique:  
side of the mouth screwed up nonchalantly  
a tight stream of juice propelled  
toward the target look for him  
where it's always summer holidays  
and prairie, always prairie  
when you begin to notice  
wind stirring the foxtails  
begin recognizing the anticipatory stillness  
before a summer storm  
when you start thinking about the fact that  
things you love change and die, and  
wonder sometimes if you can see the wind  
then you'll know you are  
on the right track you'll know  
you are getting close  
to finding him

Tracy Lynn Repchuk

**Maiden Voyage**

Sole indigent on a quest for purpose  
leather that curled his toes, bread and butter diet, army duty encounter  
burdened anchor raised, continuous waves unfold mutated uncertainties  
two boys desperately cling to their mothers colourless skirt  
bow steadfast, he sets course for the Great White North.

Inherent philosophies sanctioned his actions  
pocket change and a selected city his only comforts  
an abandoned spouse with confused souls diligently waits  
six months was a lifetime for the fatherless toddlers  
all hands on deck, a command from the bridge, and they too bid farewell.

Praying this path would not be a memorable regret  
tiny sea legs board the dubious plank of the ubiquitous vessel  
turbulent ocean and furious storms add to the unbearable journey  
a mythical land and a beaten shack inappropriately called home  
father and sons without the tools to reconnect.

Struggling passages embroiled in mendacious belief  
countless questions buried fathoms deep under a watery berth  
transcending proof emerges and the rhythmic family flow is stabilized  
the birth of the first generation Canadian blossomed in spring  
with daughter in his arms his destiny began to materialize.

Opportunistically controlled thought, navigated by aspirations  
captains of industry, passionate siblings express their gratitude  
pioneering parents witness the manifestation of their dreams  
driven by an ethereal knowing to explore new territory  
it is the courageous who venture beyond their maiden voyage.

James Deahl

**Witness**

Snow swept in today  
to bury the browns  
of a winter's afternoon.

These are the vast storms  
born far in the wheat-lands.  
They cross a thousand barren miles  
to reach these lowland fields.

A century and a half past  
the first Loyalists  
entered this valley.

Here they founded an Anglican church,  
raised a building  
to house an Orange Lodge,  
set out their cemetery.

I have seen their stones  
leaning white into  
the whiteness of Prairie storms.

Norma Linder

**Debts Unpaid**

Breath of settlers' children  
warmed our one-room schools  
scent of wet wool  
frost-flowered window panes  
blank faces waiting  
to be mapped with knowledge  
We, their descendants learned  
to fashion maps  
of water, salt, and flour  
moulded Laurentian Shield  
painted it pink  
learned about Britain's wars  
learned how to think  
The music of Niagara  
falls rhythmic from our tongues

We feel the Native Spirits of the Past  
Muskoka, Mississauga, Manitoulin, Nipissing...  
Too numerous to list  
these gifts that last  
Cadence of First Nation names  
is something we hold dear  
yet land claims go unsettled  
year after trying year

James Deahl  
**Pleasures Of The North**

north at midnight  
the tarred road's a silent tongue.  
To either side black marshes fill  
hollows in the rocky skull  
of a land scarred by glaciers.

The Wendat elders said an ice mountain  
walked across their land,  
but the French refused to believe.  
A topography so stark only lichen  
clutches these fierce outcroppings.

Yet so many flowers at water's edge <  
white arrowhead, white water-lily,  
the delicate water-pepper,  
purple pickerelweed <  
more than my book could name!

Joan McGuire

**Almost**

Only the cattle are gone,  
and the men who pitched hay  
in summer's broil

These rivers, trees,  
these timeless hills,  
these survivors lasting  
beyond urban sprawl, basking  
in birdsong and cricket-hum  
remain as I remember

That cow skull we found once  
baking in rocks...

The hills undulate,  
waving grass like the sea  
when you stand alone  
holding eternity  
wiped clean

Sing to me, fields of summer,  
sing in my bones.  
Wind, whiffle through me  
like grass

Alone in these hills  
I'm part of forever

Almost  
I can accept death

Maintenant

Anna Panunto

**Le Langage**

Au fur et à mesure  
que je prononce  
des mots intelligibles,  
ma langue me trahit.

Ma bouche, faisant les gestes  
appropriés,  
me trompe.

Emprisonnée dans mon propre  
langage,  
j'en entame un autre.

Maintenant

il est facile de réfléchir  
aux polémiques du monde.

Ma muse me permet  
de m'engager  
dans toutes formes de discours.

Des paroles délivrantes  
s'échappent  
de ma voix éclairée.  
Cependant d'une manière  
ou d'une autre, son génie  
m'a éblouie jusqu'à  
l'immobilité.

Hope Morritt

**to Dan**

who worked on the ill-fated

*Ocean Ranger – 1981 – '82*

weep Dan weep

to wake the holocaust

the drilling platform

Ocean Ranger exploding

north Atlantic fury

yesterday you watched

rescue planes

buffeted by screaming gales

empty rafts tossing ghost-like

stark memories of co-workers

eighty-four all gone

yet you safe...belting rum

the phone echoing a requiem

in the rum-hollow of your soul

you wonder if they suffered

the young diver with blue eyes

his girl a picture postcard

of smiles and sun-burst hair

the moody engineer strumming soul music

haunting melodies drifting

grieve Dan grieve

for the drilling rig

the wild sea monster

stalking *The Grand Banks*

engines blasting/ lights pulsing

rising thirty-one stories

synchronized by stars

UNSINKABLE though howling gales rape

and plunder

yesterday you watched  
as balance anchors pulled  
stars short-circuited  
steel-on-steel clashed &  
she split/vomited contents  
of her womb into wintry sea

soul music lingers  
incense on the drift of night  
weep Dan weep

Peggy Fletcher

**Candlelight Vigil for a Montreal Massacre**

Draw cold un-glossy circles around truth  
place roses at the foot of urban night  
honor the murdered souls, the ardent few

they brought us to this edge, left no adieu  
a catalogue of pain, uncertain life  
draw cold un-glossy circles around truth

young women targeted for their pursuit  
of engineering goals, their equal right  
honor the murdered souls, courageous few

each day they studied blueprints, earned more proof  
that scholarship and dreams might soon unite  
draw cold un-glossy circles around truth

these fourteen lives snuffed out, their shattered youth  
is symbolized by flowers, candlelight  
honor the murdered souls, the chosen few  
  
with annual hurt, we visit grief anew  
mouth prayers, hold hands, let tears be our respite  
draw cold continuous circles around truth  
honor those murdered souls, say no adieu.

Richard I. Thorman

**Their Legacy, Our Freedom**

Let your thoughts stand in sombre reverie  
as over one hundred and sixteen thousand  
shadowy faces of twentieth century dead  
young Canadian military personnel  
pass in review.

Suppose every Canadian writer  
undertook to write fictional stories  
of the life of each of these men  
and women as they might  
have been from sea to sea and  
north and south in full multicultural  
and individual uniqueness.

Do you think that then we might begin  
to comprehend their sacrifice?

Visit the tomb of the Unknown  
Soldier, le Soldat Inconnu,  
at the National War Memorial  
in Ottawa and place your hand  
atop the grey granite sarcophagus

with sculpted bronze helmet  
and sword, and contemplate  
the young man we will never  
know and should never forget,  
one whose legacy is our freedom  
and future as Canadians.

Katherine L. Gordon

**La Lumière des Ancêtres**

La lune se glisse par les fenêtres,  
se répand sur le lit et le vieux plancher.  
Je souris à soeur lune  
et rêve aux ancêtres  
qui m'ont donné cette terre  
avec tous ses plaisirs,  
en vivant leur vie,  
et spécialement la liberté.  
Leurs larmes ont arrosé les champs  
pendant qu'augmentait leur ardeur.  
Mais la lumière de leurs travaux  
et de leurs rêves  
brille plus fort dans ma mémoire  
que les étoiles.

Gill Foss

**Le Réveil**

Je suis suspendue entre  
le bleu et le vert, sans poids,  
parmi les brumes scintillantes du lac qui s'éveille.

Elles m'enveloppent.

Les soucis peuvent m'attendre  
pendant que je me perds dans le silence de ce mystère.

Je sens la liberté de la lumière  
et les cris sauvages de l'huard me réjouissent.

Une paix ancienne s'écoule dans mon âme  
et je m'unis au ciel et à la terre -  
un esprit seulement, que l'âge et le temps ne touchent point.

Je suis jeune, je suis vieille,  
je suis plus âgée que les siècles mêmes.

Mon âme se tient nue en face du monde  
mais lavée de paix.

Je passe par les rides scintillantes jusqu'à la réalité  
pour m'asseoir sous les arbres où reste encore la fraîcheur de l'aube.  
J'ai senti l'excitation des éveils:  
et pendant un instant, j'ai vu plus loin que la solitude des rêves.

Joan McGuire

**Remembrance**

We laughed along the beach, enjoying the sun.  
We knew that overseas soldiers were dying,  
but it was summertime, and we were young.

We'd heard some anxious jokes about "the hun",  
read bits of news, and heard our parents sighing,  
yet we lay on the beach enjoying the sun.

"There's nothing we can do, so let's have fun.  
Let our parents worry", we said, denying,  
for it was summertime, and we were young.

And there were battles lost, and battles won.  
Over England, German planes were flying,  
as we sang on the beach, enjoying the sun.

The newsreels showed us bombings, tanks and guns,  
houses wrecked, mothers, children, crying.  
But it was summertime. We were still young.

Lists of the missing grew; lovers, sons.  
Families afraid to hope, although still trying.  
But they lay on foreign beaches, in harsh sun,  
as it was summertime. And they were young.

Nancy Morrey

### Dieppe

It was a pebbled beach  
with stones the size of cabbages  
pebbles that shattered bones and bodies  
in the order they fell  
as men struggled forward  
in the shifting shuddering mass.

Hundreds captured-marched away  
limped away dragged away.  
Nearly a thousand  
left on the beach-silent, lifeless  
deemed unworthy of enemy scrutiny.

In the night as the guns cooled

shattered fingers held the line.  
A pledge was made  
to the aching earth  
that fallen Canadian  
sons would never die.

1944: out of the mist and waves  
into the slaughter one more time  
the second assault strode across  
the backs of the fallen  
who never flinched or waivered.

Shoulder to shoulder they fed their spirit  
to their younger brothers' victory.

It was a pebbled beach  
with stones the size of cabbages  
pebbles that shattered bones and bodies  
in the order they fell.

They were our sons.  
It was our Dieppe.

Ronnie R. Brown

**Jack and the Beanstalk Part II (And The Beanstalk)**

She is tearing up  
an old bed sheet. Ripping  
strips that will soon  
tie tomato plants, heavy  
with bounty, to the stakes  
she's fashioned out of branches,  
victims of last season's ice storm.

Her daughter, ancient  
at twenty three, can not understand  
why she wastes her time this way.  
Why all this ripping and whittling  
when garden stores sell  
everything--all sorts of plastic  
this and that--which, her daughter knows,  
will work better, look nicer.

One day, years from now  
she will tell her about the hours  
she spent as a child in the Ottawa Valley  
helping her mother and grandmother, of the countless  
generations of Ontario women; the untold  
hours of tearing, whittling, staking, weeding  
picking, cooking, canning, serving.

Explain how every time  
she drives a stake, ties  
a beanstalk she  
can almost see the family  
farm her grandmother used to describe, hear  
the voices of all the women  
who came before  
urging her on.

Jill Battson

**Bone Box**

Where poetry wings off the breast  
single chill in the limestone house  
boxes hold bones, an ossuary of remembrances  
alabaster embracing the cremated beach coral of a beloved dog  
glass spice jar with ashes of two parents, mixed  
cardboard box held safe by a rubber band  
first budgerigar skeleton  
boxes with milk teeth of babies and puppies  
all contained within a large stone box  
the ossuary of life's history  
we use houses to catalogue the paths of existence  
where poetry is crushed by a breast on canvas  
a chill in the limestone house.

Katherine L. Gordon

**Martian Music**

Red dust sings in the blood,  
miles of star-slivered space  
netting us back  
as salmon in a fiery sea  
floundering in little tin ships  
to find our beginnings,  
ancestral graves  
in dried red beds.  
Our loneliness keen  
as the genocide of Earth  
inflames the obsession  
to rejoin anything of source  
lost beauty and meaning  
the anthem we need  
to survive.

## SECTION TWO

### INSIGHTS IN SEASONS



Joan McGuire

#### January

Morning of waking wrath.  
Dream-blasted dawning,  
demiurgical scream.  
Angry Arctic ghosts  
swirl across field and forest,  
slash faces, shudder backs.  
Shamou, part husky,  
wild with winter, bounds  
through snowbanks, leaps  
hills, finding in windhowl  
the roots of her bones,  
and I, gusted between  
push and pull,  
animal exhuberance  
and lashing wind-breath,  
dissolve in wonder  
at our frailty against  
primeval power.

Scott, Franklin,  
Jack London's tales...  
I hope, downhill  
beyond the whipping snow  
our house still stands.

Jacqueline Borowick

**Haïku**

Le papillon nage dans l'espace  
S'agrippe à une branche  
Déploie ses ailes tatouées

Un oiseau-mouche  
Darde les fleurs  
Vole leurs douceurs

Le vent d'automne  
Secoue les branches  
S'empare de leur toison dorée

Sheila Martindale

**In the Laurentides**

February  
the paths through  
the mountains  
treacherous  
to my city boots

Crystal needles  
of pine  
shining  
in the glare  
of the cold sun

Mirage of islands  
merging with  
mountain backdrop

Icicles -  
stalactites  
in the open cave  
of the shore

I lean on your arm  
step gratefully  
on the sand  
you spinkle  
at my feet

Jill Battson

### **Whale Weather**

In the long grass, brown with the harshness of winter  
feet sink in snow, rafted by the matted, blown layers  
barnwood-grey branches, gnarled, loosely sheathed bark  
squeak and moan in the tall wind  
fragile dull green juniper, hint of masked purple  
peeks through like a gin-buried treasure  
red metal curve of sleigh rail clings to rotted wood  
a curlicue hooking worm-eaten to the north  
grey sun watering the clouds with a hint of brilliance

and on the lake, a frozen palate of tonal white  
corralled snow rushes and swirls, skidding along the slick surface  
ceases and begins, eddies and rests  
the shoreline pushed up by the expanding freezing water  
like halted waves, cracks and settles, tectonic plates of ice  
Herculean and slowly unstoppable  
several feet from shore I am rafted by the continuum  
as the wind breathes, the lake speaks  
wa wa, wa wa ing

a heartbeat along the surface, resounding under the ice  
haunting and magnificent  
a sound like whales calling under the ocean.

Gill Foss

### **Arachide**

Il s'assoit  
devant ma porte  
une noix entre ses pattes  
ses yeux noirs, vivaces.

Il grignote,  
laissant tomber les écosses  
autour de lui,  
puis il en cherche d'autres.

Il reluit  
noir et doux comme le velours,  
une créature agile et lisse  
à longue queue plumée.

Il s'élance  
contre un nouveau venu;  
s'empresse dans un jeu  
de cache-cache.

Il saute  
de branche à branche,  
un jouet mécanique,  
pendant que les geais  
lui volent ses noix, inaperçus.

Il se lave  
de ses pattes adroites -  
puis un chat noir arrive  
et mon écureuil s'enfuit.

Wayne Ray

Anne Valavaara

This April winter has me bewildered,  
sleet rain and the trees are ice laden,  
falling down around town, chainsaws  
reflected in the glassy branches.

When the noises of the city cease  
and you close your eyes, let the cold wind  
pink your cheeks, you can hear the  
crack, crack, crack of the ice on wood.

This April winter has me remembering  
a high school sweetheart, midwinter  
freezing rain, near midnight and the city  
under two inches of glass. Crunched walking  
the sidewalk under near breaking wires  
and trees. Walking her home hand in hand,  
first kiss beneath the frozen moon.

Elana Wolff

## Cohoe

I have  
so many good words here  
I can't begin to grasp them.  
Instead I watch the yachts on the water,  
the homes on the hill,  
the cloud-roll.

I went in rain this morning to walk,  
bought a coffee  
and wrote some notes.

*Night is the appetite.*

*Woe is Poe.*

*Draw the curtains, then the gun.*

*The lover is cover  
and dust.*

*You always self-extinguish, Star,  
before I get my wish in.*

What if  
after this day of rain the sky, for sunset,  
clears  
& the disappearing  
light appears  
    to colour the dusk  
pink-cohoe.

We will surely hold our heads up  
then, to grasp that canvas.  
Open as an ear to seeing  
union's  
fugitive beauty.

Gill Foss

**La Silencieuse**

La vie creusée de mon coeur  
me rend fantôme,  
un corps sans âme  
qui attend la tienne pour vivre encore.

Mais tu chantes autre part, ne me vois pas  
donc il me faut glisser  
silencieuse, au milieu du monde,  
ombre fanée, comme les eaux en hiver,  
froide, mourante, mais jamais morte.

Mets ton sourire dans mes yeux,  
mets ta vie dans mon coeur  
pour me laisser monter au ciel.

Jacqueline Borowick

**The Cardinal**

For James

I fell into wonderment

at my table one morning.

A cardinal perched

on the window-sill,

scanned the objects in my home

with unblinking attention.

Oh, how he honoured me.

In return for his song,

the privilege of contemplating him,

I invited him to pitch his tent

among the plants and flowers

on the green carpet of my balcony,

with three squares a day

of fancy grains on my best bone china.

He would not be swayed,

fled to the cathedral of a tree.

Or was it just vanity on his part—

a little red-plumed Narcissus

in the mirror of the glass,

immersed in the beauty of his reflection,

seduced by his own avian charms?

Gill Foss

**Les Saisons au Jardin**

jaunes dans la pelouse  
vagabonds persistants  
les pissenlits

le trésor caché  
au bout de l'arc-en-ciel  
un papillon monarque

sous l'érablier  
une mosaïque multicolore  
feuilles d'automne

la lune  
sur une branche enneigée  
se couche.

T. Anders Carson

**Sightings**

Wheeling a TV,  
smoke in mouth,  
astride a bicycle  
made even the trucker's  
take a second glance.

I scurry past that entrancing  
scene and fumble upon  
our home.

A Danish friend of my mother  
wanted to visit her grave.  
I've always respected flower  
giving.

She tells me a story  
of her friend's young  
boy who is 3.

They all went to the  
zoo  
to see the polar bears  
being fed.

After the fish had been  
gulped by the beast  
the little one turned to her mom

and asked, "Why don't they give  
him his Coke?"  
What assimilates into a  
child's mind  
can be quite  
frightening.

Gill Foss

**Tu Pars**

Tu pars  
et mon âme  
se couche  
s'embrumée  
de tristesse  
comme un mort  
enveloppé  
de son linceul.

Tu pars  
et mon coeur  
envoie un soupir  
après toi.  
Je me rappelle  
ton amitié  
et il me manque  
ta sympathie.

Tu pars  
et mon esprit  
se tient  
désolé,  
vide de joie  
comme une vieille  
qui réfléchit  
aux temps passés.

I.B. Iskov

**Comme un air de Fin de Nuit**

Pour Andy Barrie  
La longue attente  
un peu affolée  
aussi incroyable  
qu'un air de cirque  
tranchant et confus  
Ainsi, dans le bleu  
où une petite voix calme  
s'évapore  
s'avance  
on croit rêver sa vie  
Fragile comme le vent  
tourbillon qui n'est qu'ombre  
dans un reflet caché  
exilé d'une peur lointaine  
Je m'ennuie un peu  
écoute CBC Radio me laisse  
dévorer par les mots  
le courant emporte la lune  
douce lumière  
comme un air de fin de nuit

**Like an air at the End of Night**

For Andy Barrie  
Long waiting,  
a little crazy  
as incredible as  
a circus air  
clear cut and confused,  
So, in the blue  
where little voice  
calm, vaporized,  
comes forward  
you think you dream your life  
Fragile as the wind  
turbulence is but a shadow  
in a hidden reflection  
exiled from a distant fear  
I am almost bored  
and listen to CBC Radio  
devoured by the words  
the current sweeps the moon away  
smooth in the light  
like an air at the end of night

Wayne Brown

**Flirtation**

This morning  
although April is nearly done  
snowflakes slide obliquely  
past my window, dusting the trees  
piling up against the fences  
swept there by unseen hands  
My resentment builds January to March  
having presented themselves  
record breaking mild, I am already  
summer soft --- older now and  
no longer able to toughen up  
more than once a year for winter  
But I should know better;  
weather here  
is seldom boring - always  
a bit of a flirt and you  
never know when  
she might get serious

T. Anders Carson

**Chantant La Chanson**

Tout haut dans l'arbre,  
un oiseau chante au vent.

C'est un vent léger  
qui vient du sud  
et souffle sur les feuilles.

Je connaissais ce vent  
lorsque j'étais enfant,  
lorsque mes parents vivaient  
et que la télévision était en noir et blanc.

Je me souviens que je m'asseyais dans la cour d'en avant,  
sous cet arbre,

le même arbre  
que, chose étrange,  
ma mère coupa  
pour rendre la tonte du gazon plus facile.

J'avais l'habitude de m'asseoir sous ces branches bourgeonnantes  
et regarder le ciel au-dessus du toit du voisin.

Toutes ces petites antennes recueillant quelque chose du ciel.  
Toutes ces salles de jeux pleines d'enfants et de parents

qui ne se disaient pas un seul mot.

Le père se levait du sofa pour changer le canal  
quand les programmes devenaient trop ennuyants.

Qu'est-il arrivé depuis ce temps?

Maintenant les couleurs sont vives.

Une télécommande nous permet de passer simultanément  
à travers des dizaines de canaux.

Mais quelque chose fut perdu ce jour-là  
lorsque l'arbre fut coupé,  
lorsqu'on a cessé de voir notre père  
se lever du sofa  
pour changer le canal  
pour trouver quelque chose de mieux.

Jacqueline Borowick

**Snow Tales**

I never knew tree names,  
wildflowers, Northern birds,  
spring-summer-fall quick  
to leave this rocky place.

But I knew the snows.  
Intimately.  
Rolled them on my tongue,  
tasted clouds,  
wrapped myself in them,  
a snowchild.  
Built forts, igloos,  
stockpiled snowballs,  
whizzed down the hill  
on scraps of linoleum.

I knew all the snow songs:  
lacy whispers of snowflakes  
loosed from the sky,  
blizzard furies keening  
on the wind,  
the squeak of boots crunching  
across white fields  
ringed by stoic pine trees  
rehearsing for spring

Gill Foss

**À la Campagne**

près du lac silencieux  
l'hibou parmi les érables  
un fantôme passant  
un écho mystérieux  
fait trembler ma solitude  
l'huard dans la nuit  
sous les arbres  
le long du sentier  
le printemps s'éveille  
deux petits lapins  
à l'abolement d'un chien  
se font statues.

Wayne Ray

**Mother's Day Fredericton 2003**

Waiting for the spring rains  
to clear the last of the snow,  
and make way for the summer  
this day is so cloudy cold.

Sipping Irish Cream at Second Cup  
across the wet street from Goose Lane Editions,  
thinking about younger brother born  
half a century ago, this Mother's Day.

Not here to enjoy the East coast sun  
or this heavy cleansing precipitation  
or a loving Mother who remembers  
what this day is really for; you and me.

If I close my eyes I see two boys  
in an East Coast memory, running  
home for lunch, from the beach  
where she will always call our names.

Philomene Kocher

**Sunlight**

sunlight  
through the frost on the window  
Heritage Day

Philomene Kocher

**The Remedy**

the fragrance of the chamomile  
touches me  
even before I see the flowers  
in the city garden

and I remember  
the chamomile growing  
in my father's garden  
planted there years before  
by his mother  
to be harvested

and used as a remedy

and I remember

picking the blossoms as a little girl  
(careful now, just the blossom -  
no stem, it's too bitter)  
and placing them on newspapers to dry  
before being stored  
on the top shelf

and I remember

my mother brewing the chamomile tea  
(so strong because it was boiled) and  
adding lots of sugar (the best part)  
as the remedy for my upset stomach  
knowing it would soothe  
the hurting places

the fragrance of the chamomile  
touches me still

Stella Mazur Preda

**Talk to Me, Annie**

Tell me of your father's letter  
postmarked Canada  
a desperate appeal  
that the family join him  
promises of opportunities  
dreams to be fulfilled  
yet you alone  
were sent to indulge  
a father's hopes.

Tell me of your mother's kiss  
caressing cold tears  
rivers of desperation  
etched your cheeks  
the touch of gentle hands  
lingering like her scent of lilacs  
and rose water, a breathless voice  
among whispering winds  
coos childhood lullabies.  
Help me, Annie

to understand your fears  
how you coped with unfamiliarity  
rallied through enigmas  
of a new culture  
no one to comfort or share  
desolate thoughts, lonely solitudes  
no one hears the emptiness  
of your silent cries.

Tell me, Annie  
what grievous occurrences  
scarred memories of this bleak voyage  
yet effected your discreet determination  
unbridled infinite strength  
spirited laughter.  
Help me comprehend why  
you would never break  
the silence of your odyssey.

Stella Mazur Preda

**Sweet Childhood**

We bounced and skipped  
through summer raindrops,  
laughing and giggling together  
as sisters often do.  
Our little dog Prince,  
a constant companion,  
romping by your side, yours  
much more than mine.  
I remember Niagara Falls  
a world away, so it  
childishly seemed; family picnics,  
butterflies and flower gardens.  
Playing “dress-up”  
our aunt’s old clothes and hats  
provided an exhilarating escape  
for a child’s imagination.  
Long nights filled with terror,  
fears and nightmares  
raged rampant in my mind

and we huddled for comfort.

Do you remember a backyard fence

we were allowed to paint,

silver paint that shone in the sun

sparkled like dewdrops on our faces?

I remember ice-skates, roller-skates

and playtimes in the park.

Uncle watching over his girls

always keeping us safe.

You remember Christmas holidays,

gifts piled under the tree,

trying to a child's patience, and then –

paper rips and squeals of joy.

Memories bloom and lingering

scents of childhood now sustain us.

April Bulmer

**Moons**

I am the first woman.

I dream of sea, earth and sky.

And I dream of giving birth:

of the toil of labour

and of the child

like a wet bird  
hatching from me.

I am the first woman.

I dream of bulbs

and their blooms:

lonely and wise.

Jacqueline Borowick

**La Tombée**

Feuilles

fugitives

dansent

dans le vent

pirouettent

tracent

des arabesques

perdent

leur entrain

plongent

dou

ce

ment

vers la terre

pour la parer

d'or

**SECTION 3**

*Canadian Places of the Heart*



Elizabeth Symon

**Mon Montréal**

Quand vais-je te revoir,  
Mon Montréal?  
Si loin, hélas,  
D'où j'habite.  
Dans mes rêves  
Je fais encore  
Des promenades  
Le long de tes belles rues.  
Je vois tes édifices  
D'un autre siècle  
D'aujourd'hui aussi.  
Et bien qu'éloignée  
Je vois tes couleurs vives  
D'automne et en hiver  
Tes neiges profondes.  
Au printemps je sens le parfum  
De tes fleurs,  
En été ton soleil

Me tient au chaud ici.  
Quelle que soit la saison  
J'attends le jour  
De mon retour.  
Qu'il soit bientôt!

Vanna Tessier

**Blackmud Creek**

her log cabin  
perched high in the Rockies  
wilderness map  
a labyrinth of secrets  
paths leading  
where you had always wished to go  
  
wild berries  
a purple streamer of saskatoons  
ripening along the creek  
the blueprint of the earth  
echoing  
a violet-streaked season  
  
she leans against a treestump  
counts the roots sticking out  
like a moose's antlers  
nodding wisdom  
  
dewdrops gleaming  
on clumps of grass  
the search for spring  
gushing news  
spilling downstream  
  
tall lodgepole pines  
scented tears of resin  
the unknown  
carving posterity  
on pewter bark  
  
tattoing her throat  
cinnamon teal  
looking for him  
near Blackmud Creek  
she flips her amulet  
to the other side of fate

Karen P. Ouellette

**Red Cedar Lake**

Beneath untamed stars  
I listen to whispers  
of white forest-pines  
of small ground creatures  
invisible  
to my evening eye.

For I am a ripple  
alive  
upon a restless dream  
flash  
of a fishermans oar  
dripping blue —  
wood that dips for dawn.

On the northern edge  
of a secluded shore  
I stand awake  
waiting....

September wind  
like the mist  
of my wilderness song.

Dorothy Mahoney

**Field Photo**

one August  
when the afternoon had ripened  
into full bushel baskets of red tomatoes  
we sat near the end  
hands and knees grown green  
sweat-streaked faces  
my grandmother in a sleeveless shirt  
her thick arms brown  
worked hands open on faded denim thighs  
we leaned towards her, listened  
though now I could not say to what  
when a car stopped at the road  
a man took a picture and drove away  
my grandmother laughed and laughed  
I clearly remember wondering if one day  
I would see it, surprised again  
in a calendar or agricultural report  
the sun beginning its descent on the distant farm  
the field dotted red

like an impressionist piece, poppy-splashed  
my sister and I at my grandmother's feet  
with a byline that might read:

August, Ontario  
summer near ending  
tomatoes picked in intense heat

now a new October  
a yellow field of rice  
women wearing t-shirts  
overlong-sleeved blouses  
tied at the wrists  
are bent cutting sheaves  
their shoes left in a row  
at the side of the road  
where we have stopped to take a picture  
their faces hidden under pale straw hats  
the backdrop of mountain peaks  
so different from flat tomato fields  
October, Guangxi  
harvest near ending  
women in rice fields

Lenore Langs  
**Ambassador Bridge**

Headed home on the 401 by night, by car,  
crossing the flatness of Essex County,  
still ten miles to the east of Windsor,  
we see a starlike string of lights  
suspended above the horizon.

It follows invisible cables  
supporting the blackness  
of girders and roadway lost  
in the dark of river and sky.

Visible only briefly,  
easy to miss on a cloudy or stormy night,  
it tells us home is near.

Marie Groundwater

**At Gaspé**

The blue whales still come in  
to the St. Lawrence  
heaving like shadows  
from northern seas  
only just breaking the surface  
of the gulf  
their greater mass below  
sinister and deep  
one wakeful eye they cast  
upon the rolling fields  
fast flowing green along the banks  
and bobbing houses of the habitants  
that sparkle white  
between each grassy rise  
their roofs tin-topped like sails  
of red and blue and yellow.

Est-ce qu'ils respondent a  
ce beau salut?  
Est-ce qu'ils parlent français?

Leila Pepper

**In Dieppe Park**

As storm clouds gather  
on this April day  
how pleasing to the eye  
a crimson cardinal  
on golden forsythia!

Jacqueline Borowick

**Adieu Colibri**

Je t'attendais, petit colibri,  
avec eau de sucre,  
gouttes d'ambroisie,  
mais hélas, tout l'été,  
tu m'as rebutée.

Je voulais m'abreuver  
de ta fragile beauté,  
m'émerveiller devant  
les arabesques  
de ton vol picaresque.

C'était gentil à toi  
de me faire tes adieux.  
L'autre jour, suspendu  
par tes ailes palpitantes,  
tu as tournoyé un long moment  
tout près de moi  
comme pour t'excuser  
de m'avoir ignorée.  
Reviens à moi au printemps.

Ellen S. Jaffe

**The Deer at Cootes Paradise**

*I've been smiling, smiling, smiling, all the time, when I don't feel like smiling.  
It goes back to the death of my husband.*

*(Woman in her '60's, at swimming class, YWCA).*

The deer and I look at each other,  
fall into each other's eyes,  
over a gulf of green  
near Sassafras point.

I thought I'd taken the wrong path,  
turned, returned, see him standing  
by a dead tree,  
sumach-soft young antlers  
sprouting like branches  
ears flaring at sounds I cannot hear,  
carried on waves of evening light.  
a mockingbird calls.

I stand still, like the deer,  
trying not to breathe.  
gradually we both get bolder,  
I scratch a stray mosquito,  
shift slightly, squat down in the cool earth  
– the honey muscles of his back ripple  
against the leaves.

We stay like this for minutes, for eternity  
then he turns, white tail high, walks, stalks  
slowly into the leaves (not running, not running)  
disappears without a trace.

I look into the space  
he leaves behind, the after-image  
seeing his face,  
the place his eyes had been  
no fear, just  
an opening  
for grace.

Jacqueline Borowick

**Au jardin de l'oubli**

(pour Elise)

Derrière moi, tout s'efface—  
le sentier disparaît sous mes pas.  
Je trébuche,  
moins allègre qu'autrefois.

La force de mon courage s'épuise,  
prête à s'effondrer.  
Mais, là-bas, un coin de verdure,  
un oasis pour m'abreuver.

Je m'allonge sous un saule éploré  
qui, tremblant, murmure ses secrets  
d'oiseaux et de sérénades,  
de ruisseaux enchantés.

Lasse,  
je ferme les yeux et je rêve  
et l'immensité autour de moi  
m'étreint et se tait.

T. Anders Carson

**Albany Blues**

Albany blues  
Rollicking down the runway of  
walls,  
my heart soars into cyber-space  
with each neon flash.  
Obscure visions of delight  
helps sell box-sets of aging stars  
at half price.  
Being Canadian and looking  
at gas stoves for price  
differential tends  
to sell a resigned nature of poetic  
purchases.  
Not recommending the falls  
for barrel tumbling over,  
they stop their idyllic chatter  
and give glances unbeknownst  
to the productive buyer.

We roll our R's  
and fork over eh's  
and slide peacefully down  
that stapled path of  
perfection.

Knowing when to chuckle or weep  
is mastering emotional art  
at its highest form.

Elizabeth Symon

**L'édredon de Campagne**

Des plumes douces et blanches  
Tombent des nuages rembourrés  
Et couvrent la froide terre  
Vois cet édredon  
Mis en lambeaux par le vent  
Rapiécé de vert  
Bientôt le terrain  
Se pare d'une couette campagnarde  
Parsemée de fleurs  
Et peu après  
Apparaît la bonne moisson  
Dessus de lit d'or  
Dépouillée alors  
La terre nue reste découverte  
Et froide sans son drap  
Le cycle continue  
Quand la neige revient encore  
Et tout recommence

Malca Litovitz

**Dundurn Castle**

I sat on the edge of the lake  
waiting to be lit from within;  
peacocks in the children's zoo  
furled their feathers -  
turquoise like the walls in my mother's home.

On the parquet floor,  
we danced to Monkee songs,  
waved Bon Voyage streamers for Daisy.

She broke her heart  
on her mother's butter knives and celery sticks,  
heat waves and shattered mirrors  
wrists could go through.  
Floors splattered with blood  
from children who ran too fast.

We covered the porch in iris leaves,  
stashed Playboy centrefolds  
in sewer hideouts,

Barbie's Dream House

crumpled and old.

Alicecurls by the fire like her cat,  
and the furniture moves in dreams.  
The hall-light shines through a crack in the door  
on the pages of *Narnia*  
or a green copy of *Anne of Avonlea*  
my mother read on Prairie doorsteps -  
grain elevators and gopher holes  
rising rich in recall  
like the smell of oranges on trains.

Memories lie pressed like old tulips.

Ride to Dundurn Castle on your bicycle  
pigtailed flying like *Pippi Longstocking*  
off to see her cannibal king.

Climb Hamilton Mountain,  
and look out over the city in slumber,  
pink pollution clouds enveloping your day.  
Your underwear will turn green  
if you fall into that lake.

Downtown, the old Birk's clock  
revolves in nineteenth-century curlicues.  
Go to the White Grill-  
have a cherry coke and Chicken-on-a-Bun.  
See the Christmas lights  
gleam all year round in Gore Park.

Jog on Kent Street, Aberdeen, Dundurn  
as if we're all Scottish –  
Earl Kitchener, Ryerson,  
evergreen trees.

See this Canadian landscape:  
steel mills and big chain fences.  
The richest house gilded with plastic pineapples.

Men carry their black boxed lunches  
wearing the scruffy dungarees and lumber jackets  
my grandfather sold  
while my grandmother sewed and made him lunch –  
tea with lemon between the teeth.

Take the children to the park to swing at dusk-  
let them see the parrots in the Dundurn zoo.  
Sit on the shore waiting for *Sound and Light*.

Malca Litovitz

**First Day**

My kindergarten sits at the foot of the street,  
brown and covered in ivy.

I'm dropped at the door  
where I meet a girl named Susan.

Her hair is short and her nose pointed,  
like Peter Pan's. I love and mistrust her immediately.

"Peter Pointer, Peter Pointer".

There is a song for each finger.

A sleepy child, I look off to a corner  
as if a star were to appear there - elsewhere.

I hear the piano, see the teacher's fuzzy hair,  
the towel for napping covered in faded roses.

Walking home early,  
I mistake recess for the end of the day.

Colette Coulombe

**Amour Destructeur**

L'amour m'a un jour donné des ailes  
Pour venir me les brûler sans gêne  
L'amour m'a réchauffé le cœur  
Pour ensuite me l'arracher sans peur

L'amour m'a transportée aux nuages  
Pour mieux me lancer sur le rivage  
L'amour a ravi toute ma tendresse  
Pour pouvoir me laisser en détresse

L'amour a trop pris mon cœur d'assaut  
Pour le laisser saigner à flots  
L'amour ne rira plus jamais de moi  
Puisqu'il sera banni de mes joies

Allan Briesmaster

**In the Coulee, Wanuskewin**

Is it deeper now, this coulee, or have the bison bones  
we're told lie here below the soil been inter-layered  
by flows of leveling erosion, into the gentle shadows  
of a thicket on the rise? It seems no archaeologic place.  
The guide's witty tale, amusing his pale questioners,  
about the funnel of spaced boulders and robed mimicker  
of a distressed calf luring the great herd with hobble and cry  
to the point where they'd be startled toward the brink,  
seems merely that. A tale. With epilogue on how the Band  
would warily slay the crippled beasts here, and cull everything -  
hide, tool and thong - to thrive, and get through winter.

This warm afternoon, my thoughts flit to the overhang  
of leaves that vibrates with a yellow warbler. A coulee  
like this one, left to be, remains oasis in the drought-  
prone, edgeless plane. A trough of ample bowls, green-treed  
below the straw-crisp dun ... Today the level of the creek, though,  
that makes all this, is dropping shallower than ever.  
Across it, I note a solitary tree, thin and yet old,  
stuck partway up the opposite slope, that puts a paltry few

withered green sprigs out. It is dying. Still, there is my breath-  
catch for the teal, on the release of their cerulean-  
patched wings. In midway air a kinglet tumbles. And where -  
not even at Pelee - could I count to twenty citron warblers?  
Aromatic bushes, in flower, closest by the creek ... will last.

How strangely far I've come toward the without-answer.  
Wondering. Why would this hollowed space dimensionally run  
so different from ravines I've known? One clue - the more elongate span  
of Swainson's Hawk (that pair, on spiral updrafts)? Eastern streams  
have also formed oases, under cities, with their Red-tails ... but ...  
The secret must be the dry clarity, the vacant mass  
and volume of unbroken, entire sky - great prairie sky -  
stretching the so-much-farther-off horizon, wholly live  
above the dusty grass, and precious greens and fluid,  
with the interminable slow stampede of clouds.

### 36 Reasons Why I Want to Grow a Garden

Because I want to plunge my hands into dark rich soil

Because I want to sweat as I labour over the fork

I want to taste the salt as I sweat

I want to smell hard work on my body

I want my muscles to ache

and then be soothed by soft rain

Because I want the open canvas of tilled land

I want the beauty of level earth, prepared

I want honest calluses on my hands

Because I want to feel the rough sleeping seeds

tumble through my fingers into the ground

I want to smooth them over with a blanket of soft loam

I want to watch the birth of green shoots

as they push themselves towards the sun

Because I want to lie next to the garden listening to the plants grow

I want to smell the earth after rain and after sun

I want to nurture the seedlings into plants

support them with poles and trellises

I want to talk them through their adolescence

Because I want to watch flowers pollinated by bees and butterflies

I want to see the first fruit

smell the sun warmth of a fresh tomato

Because I want to crush aromatic basil plants in my arms

I want to feel the heavy stalks of corn against my body

I want to see my hands stained by the chlorophyll of their existence

I want to watch the plants shine in rising vermillion sun

and glow in the silver of a full moon

Because I want to listen to their chatter as they decide their destiny

I want to harvest the fruit of my labour

I want to relish each individual vegetable shape in my hands

drink their beauty with my eyes

Because I want to feel their unique presence in the world

I want to press them against my face to feel their textures

I want know that when I cook them they will be minutes old

clean of pesticides and pollution

and when I serve them

ripe, brilliant and ready on white china

I want to know that you'll be there

Doug Underhill

**Stanley Cup Dreams**

The Stanley Cup

comes to town

not from any winning

player

but as part of a tour

"Out Of The Blue"

a hundred people

kids and adult kids

lined up

an hour early

close to 500

during the hour and a half

of photos and trivia

My hockey days

now nights

before the TV

with munchies

and a beer

Yet I am excited

I am there first

as a reporter

getting to talk

to Mike Bolt

Hockey Hall of Fame's

Keeper of the Cup

He tells me

to go first

as he sets up

smoke still lingering

from special effects

as Lord Stanley's legacy

is brought in

round, real and shiny

and placed on the stand

"97% silver, 3% nickel

and 100% Canadian"

Bolt talks about mistakes

points out Boston Bruins

spelled with a "Q"

instead of an "O"

Ted Lindsay with two "I's"

Islanders without an "S"

making it all the more

human in what it represents

the Imperfect dreams

of a nation

I am beside it

arm touching cold metal

taking my first strides

on bobskates

on the blue-white world of ice

skating down the wing

through bantam, midget, high school

years of road hockey

Bauers, Tackleberry's

straight Sherbrookes and curved

Kohos

Making it all the way

to Industrial League

and gentleman's hockey

Remembering the break-away

the deke, sliding the puck

behind the goalie

I am holding the Cup

the camera flashes

"Next"

hollers the photographer

as I am pushed away

in the shadow of a dream

**Table for 2 at Adele's**

Red or white wine weekends  
peppered with squirrelly antics,  
neighbourhood rodents beg  
(or pray) for peanuts,  
interrupt wine flow  
and yakkety-yak friendship,  
  
we pour over literary critiques like talk show hosts,  
a backyard salon with guest appearances by  
cats and husbands, siblings, sons and daughters,  
  
conduct cheese-aged conversations  
cracker-crisp with political intrigue,  
fancy ourselves lawn chaired philosophers  
solving world-weary dilemmas,  
backyard scholars holding life tenure  
in suburban academics,  
  
wise beyond the street signs of our dreams,  
broken only by the dull drone of lawn mowers,  
the un-rhythmic snip and splash of summer.

**Je Chante d'un Pays**

Je chante d'un pays,  
Terre de montagnes  
De glace et de neige  
Et d'un soleil au nord.  
Le connais-tu?  
Je chante de ses mers  
Orageuses et profondes  
D'une côte et de l'autre,  
Et celle de l'Arctique  
Chargée de banquises.  
Les connais-tu?  
Je chante d'une cataracte,  
Chute magnifique,  
Tonitruante,  
Son étourdissant,  
Chanson puissante.  
La connais-tu?  
Je chante des Prairies,  
Champs agricoles  
Et des tours qui dominent  
Ce terrain immense,  
Visibles de loinain.  
Les connais-tu?  
Je chante des forêts  
A feuilles persistantes,  
Et des érables,  
Habitats de la faune,  
Héritage précieux.  
Les connais-tu?  
Je chante des grandes villes,  
Historiques et modernes,  
Creusets dès longtemps  
Des nationalités  
Devenues canadiennes.  
Les connais-ru?  
Je chante d'un pays  
Qui aime la paix  
Et qui veut l'établir  
Dans le monde entier.  
C'est mon pays.  
Le connais-tu?

Adele Kearns Thomas

**Main Street on Saturday**

hums  
to drumbeat  
of the outpouring

crowd  
locked

into harried haste..  
bobbing heads  
are like puddings  
that come to a boil,  
a cross-surge

at corners

jay walkers

cutting them

to purposed ends,  
pavement blitzed  
by touchdown boots  
and clunky heels,  
a piper flutes  
birdlike sweetness

through chattering  
stream  
of jean wrapped

teeners  
shuffle-bound  
unhurried

no money,  
strangled laughs  
dangle  
between honking horns  
and small car toots  
green to red lights

give pause  
to perfect strangers  
in a jungled din  
of tangled life...

Caitlin Reid

**From the End of the Dock**

the setting (wonder  
ful) sun, smoke and sound  
of spoken French crawls  
across the lake. At my feet  
submerged, I peer and see  
I want to be, more  
on the other side of this  
country, this blue black  
water, so still-but, once  
there, I will want only  
to be here. In this moment  
I know green is greener; the  
greenest grass can never grow.

Lydia Palij

**First snow on the Humber**

Wind shattered  
red pots of autumn.  
Shards turned  
into oak leaves  
that scoop first snow  
on stone steps.  
White roof tops  
fly beyond the river  
where the sun spins  
a luminous cocoon.

Lydia Palij

**On Lake Ontario**

White blotter sky  
soaks up water,  
leaves no horizon,  
no beginning, no end.  
Only seagulls

strung unevenly  
dot the breakwater  
like an unsolved code.  
Then a freighter  
with black scissors  
slices the horizon,  
foghorn pierces  
dense silence.  
Startled seagulls soar,  
their wings wipe off  
sky borne tears.

Wayne M. Brown

**As It Should**

My land starts here, the creek sluggish among the reeds;  
clusters of frogs' eggs cling to soft grasses, undulating seductively  
in slow current, minnows swarming to take their fill. Clay banks  
rise, gently at first, interrupted by long moss-covered mounds,  
grave sites of fallen giants pointing back from whence they came,  
rooted in primordial debris, felled long ago in a blast of nature's anger,  
wind or fire; now feeding suckling roots, thousands of saplings

that fight to fill their place. The forest muted, sun-dappled, moist,  
ripples with streaks of light slanting incrementally  
across the fern and alder tangle, stillness uninterrupted  
by foxes padding lightly along brushy highways,  
silent as shadows. Here the land is as it always was.

At first, the clear-cut insults the eye, naked and ablaze  
with harsh sunlight, its secret places exposed to the elements,  
vulnerable as any raw wound. But starting over has  
already begun: small shoots of dogwood and red willow  
struggle up between steel-scarred sticks and stumps,  
rotting and nourishing in the heat. Machines and noise are gone,  
replaced by wind, always the wind, the land left to heal  
on its own, to spring again into groves of poplar, spruce  
and pine, stretching relentlessly upward to the sun, once more  
shading the earth, renewing the land and bringing back the deer  
to slip through the tangled cover.

Beyond the cut, a line of trees borders the openness,  
orange ribbons defending them from saws and blades,  
deliberate snow and wind-breaks still protecting long forgotten fields,  
dotted now with small spruce and pine where once the urgent seed  
struggled to claim a place. The earth heaves gently in grass-covered  
waves, vestiges of a final turning of the sod, the homesteader's

last hope for a better year. Forsaken now for fifty years, the cabin settles back against encroaching forest; only one wall remains, standing defiant against the frost, dampness and rot that work relentlessly on axe-hewn logs to return them to the earth. Lilac and rhubarb still grow lush against the south-facing wall, ironic reminders that nature ultimately decides what will grow and where - who will stay or go.

Further west, the fields end against thick poplar, the land rising abruptly in rock ridges, impervious to those who would till the ground or cut the wood. Moss grips the rock tentatively, easily dislodged by a cow moose and her calf that rest here, backs against the granite, basking in safety and the morning sun, gazing placidly over the empty fields, unconcerned by mill smoke drifting upwards twenty miles away.

Gradually, the land becomes as it was -  
all will be as it should.

Stella Mazur Preda

**Home To Toronto**

5:45 p.m.

the milk train out of Halifax  
destination ... Toronto, Ontario  
rotational rolling gathers speed  
Annie's gaze escapes  
to the dizzying countryside

beside her a stranger  
yet her father  
conversation strained  
almost non-existent  
where to begin after two years?  
what to say?  
polite inquiries ...  
Mother? And the little ones?  
The health of grandparents?  
reminiscences of yesterdays  
never to return

daylight blurs into dusk's rosy hues  
and the 5:45 rolls into darkness  
tunnels blindly  
through the ebony night  
and emerges into a new day  
sunlight tickles Annie's eyelids  
whimsically dances about her face  
cradled in her father's bear hug  
she peers into pools of liquid green  
mirrors reflecting her soul  
mourning the time lost

*I had to leave, Annie. I'm sorry.*

*Just as you had to leave.*

*A risk, an opportunity to be plucked  
like a fresh apple in early fall.*

*I know you understand, Annie.*

the rhythmic scream of wheels  
cold metal grinding  
grating cold metal  
an unfamiliar irritating song

strains against Annie's ears  
Annie scrutinizes this new country  
and takes comfort in what she sees  
fields of bluest blue waters  
linger on the horizon as  
tall corn stalks wave their welcome

Gill Foss

**Snorkelling Above the S.S. Rhone**

*(British Virgin Islands)*

I hover weightless  
above this world  
of silent spirits,  
viewing the past  
with sadness in my eyes.

This sunken hulk  
lies broken, with the bones  
of long-dead men,  
yet dappled now with sun  
and darting fish.

I sense the cries of fear  
rise like the hurricane  
that caused this wreck  
and mourn that tragedy, now  
reduced to a tourist attraction.

Kathleen Kemp Haynes

**Our Canada: the Cabin in the Woods**

the trees did not ask what language  
you spoke when you appreciated the shade'  
when you cut them for warmth,  
when you used them for lumber  
to build your cabin and shed'  
when you pulled their stumps to make fences.  
the land you tilled, the fish and game  
you caught were the productivity in this land,  
where the poor, here and from over the sea, could thrive  
and be accepted as landowners and merchants  
and citizens rather than peasants.  
there were no lords, ladies, counts,  
countesses, ducs, here to own and take  
the profit from the lands you tilled.  
taxes were paid to build roads, schools  
hospitals for all, rather than gold-encrusted thrones.  
my Scottish ancestors came in 1840,  
to what would become Warwick township,  
to till the soil and beget twelve children,

two of whom died in childhood.

I still have their quilts, filled with  
their own sheep's wool as batting  
ingenuity and hard labour made  
our country strong and fulfilling.

how many of us would have ever been born  
and educated in the poverty, religious strife,  
and downright oppression

then widespread in the "old" countries?

for my ancestors, the cabin in the woods,  
after unremitting physical exertion to  
create a warm, safe home, became

a farm with silos, barn, rolling  
productive corn and wheat fields,  
cattle, sheep and many children, now  
in the seventh generation around the province.

la ferme ou the farm, it really  
doesn't matter in the cozy living-room, tired  
and satisfied with feet up on a footstool.

so let's have a gateau and café  
together and celebrate this nation  
we built together.

Lynn Tait

### **Fishing in Ontario**

*Something between a sport and a religion Josephine Tey "The Singing Sands"*

My parents insist I won't have the patience,  
convinced I'm wasting my time.

The admonishment ripples and chops,  
the sound of carp kissing air.

I thread worms on hooks like popcorn on string.

Along the shallows, my brothers  
claim better bait, bigger fish,  
over-turn rocks, disturb sand and silt,  
scrounge for crayfish that skitter-scatter  
gray against a liquid terrain.

I'm content catching perch with bologna bits,  
worms for rock bass; and sunfish,  
dorsal bristling like finned cats,  
are stepped on lightly, my hands too small  
to wrangle out hooks by any other means.

At Grandpa's cottage, we travel by boat.  
Keep hands in, dangling fingers the favorite snack of hungry pike.  
Brothers laugh as I reel in a *loud*-mouth bass.  
The water reflects the sun like mica flecks  
or the fin flicks of shiners slithering in perforated pails.

In winter, across a still-life horizon of white ice,  
make-shift shacks pepper the lake-scape  
like thick brush strokes placed wherever.  
Within this canvas, sheltered anglers  
huddle over small circles of lake,  
softly tickling cut-out ice edges,  
hooks and breath baited,  
wait for silent tugs,  
the zip of line and reel,  
the sudden stir of silver  
slashing deep through blue-black currents,  
pulling away from the choking light.

Doug Underhill  
**Arriving in Newfoundland**

Leaving North Sydney, NS  
The Cat hovers  
out of harbour  
to the smell of sea  
and distant call of gulls  
a tail of foaming froth  
dividing green Atlantic  
behind  
diesel stacks spewing fumes  
engines droning  
legs feeling the touch of ocean  
Several hours and finally  
sight of land  
Port-aux-Basques  
with square white houses  
perched on cliffs  
in this land of rock  
wild roses and shallow graves  
where sky and water meet

oblivious to land  
Long Range Mountains

hump-backing into clouds  
as if land has gone tits up  
large earth-warts knuckling from sea  
rolling upward  
as waves nip shore  
hissing  
slow chiseling  
of rock to sand  
beach-line "s"ing  
along coast  
Ponds pocketing  
between stone  
as moose bristle  
in bogs  
scruff Tuckaways  
bowing to wind  
dead spruce  
white-gray skeletons  
like vertical driftwood

amid greens and purple fireweed  
An island arcing

into cloud  
like a huge finback whale  
rising from water  
In the distance  
the Trans-Canada Highway  
threading hills  
gouged by clear-cuts  
across this island  
sea-rock  
of blueberries, cod tongues  
partridgeberries, bakeapples  
and fine people.

Katerina Fretwell

**I Need a Wilderness**

"I need a wilderness that screeches/ at the outskirts of language"  
Catherine Owen's poem, "Meditations On Wild & Tame"

a wild place that scries  
beyond tadpool and frogpond

outside dictionary and grammar  
& thoughts jacketed therein

a wetland unclaimed unnamed  
with no stake through its heart

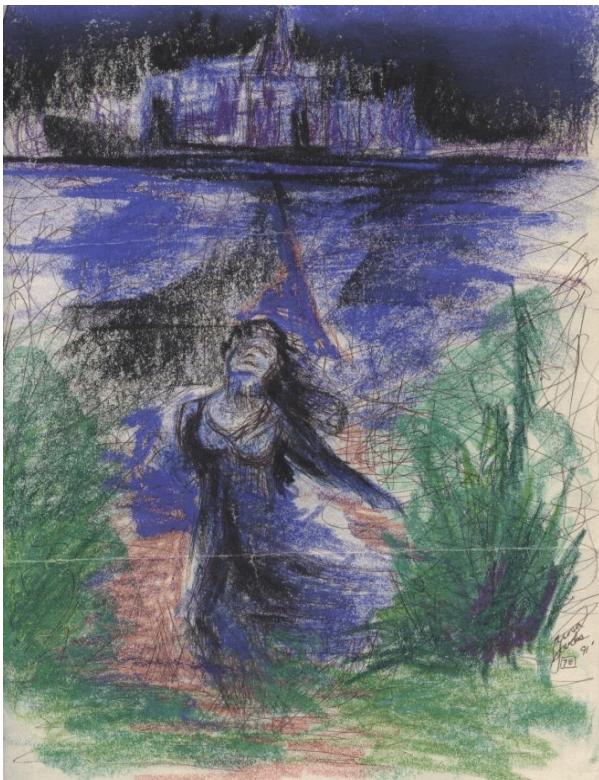
no fire no jig to a rig roiling for oil  
no putting-green grown over sacred bones

enclave beyond the famed tamed syllables  
that goosestep into word

a child-space that flies  
in the now of neverland

## Section 4

### Premonitions of Loss: Shadow of the Legacy.



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Becky Alexander

#### **It Took a Village**

Hespeler, Ontario

a place now drowned in regionalism

still a beehive

industry, hockey, small town shops,  
big heartedness, church spires,  
pipe band,  
and Santa Claus parades.

In the '50's we'd  
swoop home from youth groups  
at the old Queen Street church,  
race and scream our  
heathen hearts, tear down  
the middle of streets,  
knock on doors,  
jump in Mrs. Worsley's hedge.

Party lines, style of the times,  
homes and gossip strung together,  
we'd open the porch door,

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face the wrath of parents  
already informed  
of hooligan antics  
and the wondering aloud  
why they bothered to  
civilize us with church  
and such.

Spent pennies at Hilda's store,  
trips to the soda fountain,  
five and dime, bookstore,  
pipe band competitions,  
marching drills,  
whispering in the library,  
remembering our manners.

Comfort in the knowledge  
that we may as well behave,  
at least, most of the time  
so many eyes and ears  
keeping us tight on solid tracks.

Joshua Auerbach

**New Breed: Pickering, Ontario**

*Danger: high levels of smog & pollutants in the air today  
be sure to wear ultraviolet protection even when the sky is grey*

hair catches fire by the roadside  
carcasses of mad cows  
burn with two-headed  
frogs & hermaphroditic toads  
  
the stone wet with cancer  
with the blood of rocks, of insects  
& us taken into a centrifuge  
spun fast, so as

to distill the virus  
fish spawn in mercury  
fatten in a month  
on hormones

the farm in the low valley  
catches red rain that  
drops into windowpane lakes  
without green algae

Joshua Auerbach

### Harvest

In the open field  
a basket of apples.

Leaves furled & stalks crunched  
into lettuce-heaps.

Roots bring up to ground  
junk-metals thrown

into the river, near the mountain  
with steel mills on its base.

Nightwind  
blows past crops

& furrows fill with farmers.  
They move in as bonefrost  
whitens the skin of earth-fruit,  
hardened & ready

Joshua Auerbach

### Oasis

We look out onto lakes,  
thrushes, bulrushes, & small perch  
that glide on mirrored light.

Like waterfalls, runnels from streams,  
or glaciers that drift in tidal pools,  
we let out gathered steam.

The urge to dive down &  
bring up sargassum, sea flowers, green algae,  
spawn of two-headed frogs – half-in,

half-out & moving into nether.  
So this water is clear,  
the air full of leaves, waves carry  
driftwood bones washed onto shore.

Two red-breasted black birds fly together  
at the call of someone's name.

This flight over old stone,  
coal that splinters, brings us  
into night; still, lost in the center.

Joshua Auerbach

### **Making the Body**

I/ Inter-act

Light drops to cover  
graves, hammers, sickles,  
guns, scissors, wire:

*garotte, abattoir, bastinado,*  
a cultural heritage.

The reptilian brain,  
cold murder.

II/ Artifice

An industrial stammer  
drill, drill to the black sea,  
bring this life

to surface. Crush  
igneous dolomite  
to a pale, white, fossil-memory

Katherine L. Gordon

### **The End of Vision**

Speculating mall and subdivision  
suited men clutch valises  
plan boxed buildings in neon strips,  
erase quaint dwellings, old hills,  
green impediments,  
modernize access in pavement  
transmuting land into cash.

Market checks confirm  
names from nature sell best  
they will call it Eagle Hill Mall.  
A brass eagle will spin  
from the roof of the largest  
fast-food dispenser.

He will be cast without prominent eyes,  
posing no threat to drive-through shoppers  
who want to savour the catch-of-the-day  
with chips,  
no competition from other species  
just the tacit protection  
of a brass and blind eagle  
to connect them to the illusion  
of the wild.

Katerina Fretwell

### **The Sunlit Sea**

*"The sunlit sea supports nothing but the shadows/ cast by the outstretched wings of birds"* from a poem by Guillaume Apollinaire (Catherine Owen, *The Wrecks of Eden*)

as if black & white dance  
on a blue field,  
that limitless trick -  
that gill nets don't  
scour the ocean floor

shore magpies mirror  
the flash of black & white  
dolphins crooning blue -  
down among the dwindling  
notes, corals, turtles  
and angelfish inhaling silver -  
mercurial and indisposed  
ancient mariners pluck  
the last plankton as  
pterodactyls fly the future  
bait beneath a sun  
more radiant than  
melted wax winging home

Gill Foss

**Souvenirs d'un Amour**

Mes mémoires  
ressemblent aux feuilles  
tombantes  
d'automne  
qui s'habillent  
en couleurs riches  
mais teintes  
de la tristesse.  
Je les garde  
dans mon coeur  
ces souvenirs d'un amour  
éloigne  
mais jamais mort.

Becky Alexander

**A Penny for Revenge**

That summer I was five, my uncle came down from  
the north to help my dad in his business of carpentry.  
Grasshopper-hung evenings when the peepers  
croaked a melancholy chorus from the swamp  
across the fence, we'd sit on the falling-in wooden  
floor of the gray verandah, listening to tales of living  
in the bush, camping out under God's own lights,  
eating fish that flopped from lines, on the lucky days.

Hunting wolves and 'coons, their pelts stretched  
tight before greenwood fires, pelts that brought  
a pretty penny to ward off the lean of winter.  
He showed us how to drop pennies through  
the knotholes in that worn verandah floor:  
"Some day you can dig these up, and maybe  
they'll be worth much more than simple coppers."

In time, the old verandah was pulled away,  
replaced with pillars and the firmament of concrete.  
Now that developers have eaten up the place,  
when they pull off that last verandah,  
smash up the homestead into skimpy-thin lots,  
may they rot like those old gray floorboards,  
should they ever dare unearth a single green cent.

Ellen S. Jaffe

**Language Lessons**

(Poem written after doing a project at Gateway School in Toronto with  
*Learning Through the Arts* of the Royal Conservatory of Music.)

They are from Pakistan, Afghanistan, Somalia,  
Oman. We will write poems  
about water, I say,  
and they hear "poems about war."

*Will the U.S. have a war with Pakistan?*

*Did you hear about the war in Eritrea?*

*Will the U.S. and Canada have a war?*

*"Some say the world will end in fire*

*Some say in ice..."*

Cold words by Robert Frost, who knew  
destruction when he saw it.

Seven years old, from countries  
where water never freezes, except in cubes,  
and where dirty water looks like chocolate milk.  
We write about water and ice,  
life on skates in the Canadian north.  
In the classroom, someone aims a rubber band,

someone else spits at his neighbour.

This boy goes to the office in a tantrum,  
that girl, like a sad kitten, lost her mittens,  
cries she'll be grounded "even on my birthday!"

They are from India, China, Jamaica, Sri Lanka,  
from Russia, New Jersey,  
now all from Canada.

For some, it's their first Valentine's Day:

gummy red hearts, chocolate kisses.

We write about snow cats, melting –  
love, loss, love after loss.

Their words come shyly, from the heart

*courageous adventurous trusting*

*the girl is not alone any more*

*my mom gives many loves*

*The wind blows, the water goes*

*pani, danome, mera, thani, insio*

*mie, mayim, aue, agua, bani*

*su, vada, l'eau, szsz, sura –*

*all the languages we speak have words for water.*

Colette Coulombe

### **Lutte Intérieure**

Dès qu'il s'approche je le fuis  
Pourtant j'ai tant besoin de lui  
Il me réchaufferait le cœur  
Mais de lui j'ai tellement peur

Hier complètement détruit  
Aujourd'hui loin de lui je vis  
Protéger tous mes lendemains  
Demain sera jour sans chagrin

À dix ans j'en rêvais toujours  
À vingt ans il m'a joué un tour  
À trente ans il m'a fait maman  
M'abandonnant à mes tourments

Je l'ai cherché, je l'ai trouvé  
Je l'ai perdu, j'ai trop pleuré  
Même s'il me manque jour après jour  
Sans cesse je fuis le grand amour

Vicki Goodfellow Duke

**Ode to Canada**

Hail my Canada, humble and noble,  
fair countenance of graceful dignity.  
Gowned in glory austere and feral,  
sky-crowned summit, Emerald Falls majesty.  
Chaste beauty rare, glaciated north, pines and tides,  
sweet yielding field of ochre, fall's maple gold.  
Peoples distinct with selfsame quiet pride;  
a bold creed and spirit, known yet untold.  
Your name Sanctuary, Grand Wilds, Land of Peace.  
Your blood it is rich, and your breath blows free.  
Your laugh a chanson of fiddle and drum;  
you are the end of the earth, and the sun.  
You are birth, hope, survival, a victor apart,  
hail Canada, royal home of my heart

Joy Hewitt Mann

**I Am Having Trouble with My French**

My mother, Therese,  
hands me English on a plate, like fruit  
delicately arranged as on a lettuce leaf . . .  
just so.

The words tremble a little, lately, as  
my father is doing his own dialysis, his  
body a container for the poison's rinse.

*Ma mere*, Therese,  
throws her French at relatives in great gobs,  
catching in her flying hands *les mots*  
thrown by another.

The words are chili, stew,  
the casseroles you make with Hamburger Helper.  
You won't find them in a fine  
French restaurant.

My father sits, uncomfortably, in a large chair.  
He wears suspenders,  
not for age, but because huge pants must  
accommodate this bag he wears inside himself.

*Mon pere* is my pear.

I am having trouble with my French.

Edyth V. Harris

**Only Today I Understand**

Only today I understand  
the lesson of yesterday...  
Only today I understand  
what yesterday held hidden...

I visited you at the Devonshire -  
in the visitor's lounge  
we had a cup of coffee  
Your eyes are dim  
I read for you some poems  
from my book  
You seem distracted  
by people passing by  
You greet each one  
with a cheerful voice  
a friendly smile...but none replied....  
Later you apologized  
for the interruptions explaining  
these were special people...

Only today - I understand....  
Only today my heart accepts  
what yesterday  
seemed an offense

Adele Kearns Thomas

**Dream**

**on Air Castles**

& apple barrel,  
to the sulking corner  
where it sits...

One lazy afternoon  
before sun  
slipped  
away  
from its caring shade,  
I built my home  
on sultry sand  
below  
a tumbling  
hill  
with out-there wood  
knotted and wormed,  
Every rain-guilty day  
water slips through  
like contraband  
to cellar floor  
potato bin

Jacqueline Borowick

**Empreintes Digitales**

Lignes et volutes  
gravées au bout des doigts  
témoignent pour et contre moi,  
établissent  
le moi qui sort des rangs.

Tracent mon passage  
à domicile, à l'étranger,  
apposent leur sceau  
sur les touches de mon piano,  
les pages d'auteurs préférés,  
mes poèmes ;  
ont imprimé ma réalité  
d'écolière, de mère,  
femme d'intérieur, de carrière.

Outrepassent le monde physique,  
touchent, caressent  
les êtres que j'aime,  
estampillent sur leur cœur  
des empreintes de douceur.

Words held in

Tree standing still

Closed mouth

A still face

Still water

Frozen

Mutable

Alone

Sunshine

Green grass

Black

Frozen

Same seat

Same song

Same beat

Small mouth

Frozen

I am remembering

SILENCE

Kate Marshall Flaherty

**On Looking at a Krieghoff Exhibition**

On Looking at a Krieghoff Exhibition

In the luminous white  
of snow blobs stark against the grey-mauve sky,  
I slip into the frosty crack in the ice  
where children skitter on glace to fetch a bucket and  
a horse hoof and dog collide in the hoarfrost.

I am lost in the tiny pinprick headlines  
painted into a minuscule moccasin,  
the hair wisp of an ice fishing line.

I am drawn into  
the infinitesimal detail  
of a stack of logs, Hudson Bay coat,  
indian blanket, a stand of naked trees.

(Those same three sashed fellows pop up, again,  
hooded, happy, fixed forever rosy in their carefree sled.)

Imagine the hues of a different view:

The crimson raw of a baby's  
angry toes in the crust-frozen booties;  
the snot of the chopper  
breathing ice into his beard and sweaty lip  
as he flails his might to cut a cord by dusk;  
the groan of the mother as  
she heaves her sloshing slop bucket

out from the steamy house and  
wipes the greasy fish guts and bloody slime scales  
from her embroidered apron;  
she sighs for her lost child.

B. O'Donnell

**Beef. A Heart-Breaker**

Ruts and furrows for spring plantings  
Frozen, ready for farmer's plough  
So the ground's impassable now  
Like beef farmers' extended plight.

Farmers' faces frozen into  
Grim ruts and furrows of worry:  
"Prospects were bad in the 50's,  
But, never times as bad as these!"

Farmland sold, a shrinking island.  
The silo broods, tower of gloom.  
Barn roofs, jeans patched over again.  
Cringe to the Food Bank at month's end.

Steers, oblivious to crises,  
Still belly-up to their feed trough,  
Unaware that they, young Hansels,  
May soon have to be killed off.

Fears and futures suspended like

Ice crystals in the Auction air  
Hopeless, bleachers coldly bones-bare.  
Bids' red numbers blink with alarm.

**Alicante**

*(For Jacques Prévert)*

It was Alicante  
la poésie  
my translation  
and he said  
he had no copy anymore  
because he'd left it  
one morning  
on a table  
under an orange  
left it  
for the woman he'd  
passed the night with . . .  
his only copy.

So I gave him another  
saying  
he might want to leave it  
for someone else

and he took it  
but he said that  
hopefully  
it would be for  
the same person  
(hopefully)

So he has  
love, words, oranges  
while I have  
only the words  
though  
I can get oranges and  
I've lots of copies  
of the words and  
they won't all be  
for the same person  
(hopefully).

**Chair Mordue**

Accroupie au-dessus d'un livre de plongée,  
les courbes souples de mon amante  
agrémentent ma vue.  
Sa main,  
pleine d'innocence et de puissance,  
caresse la page  
évoquant profondeurs et images.  
Les maringouins s'amassent sur sa chair  
cherchant subsistance.  
Je fais un geste de la main.  
Ils lâchent leur emprise  
et se dispersent.  
Elle paraît surprise,  
presque déconcertée  
de mon tendre geste.  
Je n'ai pas le cœur de lui dire  
que c'est moi  
qui désire taquiner  
sa chair tendre  
de morsures.

Sheldon Birnie

### **Winter Winds**

let us get drunk  
together  
on the finest Canadian whiskey  
we can find  
I will mix your drinks  
you can mix mine  
and before we know it  
we will be drunk indeed

let us lay down together  
beneath warm sheets  
as the winter winds  
whip snow against the walls  
that enwrap us

let me kiss you once  
as I should have  
those years ago  
and let us forget  
all that has passed  
and let me make love to you  
as I could not have then  
and when it is over

let us keep each other warm  
against the world we both know  
can be colder than any  
winter winds  
either of us have ever imagined

Keith Garebian

### **The Lake**

The couple from Pickering look out at the dusky water  
and see a peace they cannot find at home.

‘We have fifteen minutes before the mosquitoes,’  
she warns, sipping on a cocktail, as he rises to fetch her shawl.  
Nipped by the air, I pull a towel over my legs  
and scan the shoreline  
where firs and hemlock impose themselves  
on the rocky relics of a glacier age.

‘I see a dragon,’ says the quietly awed visitor  
from Singapore. He’s not looking only  
from an Asian point of view; there is a long green creature  
with a hilly back and taut neck, snout and trailing tail  
which sprawls across the skyline.

Crazy Canucks on jet skis and speed-boats  
churn the lake, spraying geysers  
in perverse arcs, their chaotic wake  
racing to the harbour where the tethered boats  
have a sudden seizure,  
bucking against the dock in an uproar.

The visiting Yanks gaze in awe  
as the wind gains and bends the water.

Tall reeds grow from the dark ooze,  
their thin fingers reaching for the light  
above the bones of sea creatures.

The cottages have sunk roots  
into rock and shell,  
and there's no doubt about their purpose:  
they have the tenacious grip of a millionaire,  
a lust based on greed, not pure, natural love.

Soon the moon will cast its net of white diamonds  
and the newly weds from Ohio  
will have their faces flushed with colour.

The lake repeats its lapping sound  
as, braced by the breeze,  
we are all watching a different water.

Marie-Lucie Pelletier

**La Peur de la Mort**

Je suis perdue, je ne sais plus  
qui je suis - je me rue dans la peur  
et dans le noir.

J'espère qu'il ne sera pas toujours  
ainsi, car je veux oublier les ennuis,  
les cris, les pleurs soulageant  
ton coeur. Car je ne suis pas  
partie pour toujours. Je ne veux  
pas que tu oublies les journées  
passées au soleil, le vent de la mer  
qui jouait dans tes cheveux  
couleur de miel.

Les bateaux, le métro, les avions,  
le train, l'hélicoptère et l'auto sont  
des moyens de transport dont on a  
besoin  
mais l'amour dans nos coeurs  
n'a pas besoin de tout ça.  
Car l'amour peut voler comme  
une flèche jusqu'en ton coeur.  
Les fleurs, les abeilles, les animaux

sont là, près de nous. Car nous  
avons besoin d'eau pour toute  
la nature qui est si belle.

Mais l'handicapé, il voit tout ça.  
Bien qu'il soit sourd et muet,  
il a toujours un sourire  
au visage quand il regarde la mer.  
L'odeur de la nature sent si bon.  
Alors la mentalité est dépourvue  
de tous pouvoirs qui peuvent  
être enlevés avec les médicaments.  
On vit dans le noir pendant  
un certain temps.  
La clinique nous pique, elle  
est là pour nos besoins.  
Les docteurs sont là pour nous aussi.  
Mais rien n'est à l'épreuve  
de la mort, car Dieu seul  
peut venir nous chercher.

That big barn was the life-blood of the farm  
its beams adze-marked with signatures of pride.  
Swallows once darted through its wagon doors  
and crisscrossed gracefully from side to side.  
In summer, children slept high in its loft  
on ticking stuffed with aromatic hay  
while far below the gentle horses neighed  
and shadows chased rainbows of chaff away.

Now the old barn looks haunted in the dusk.  
Open to wind and sky, it stands alone  
empty of all the life that teemed within  
forgotten and forlorn, the symbol of  
an early tie between the earth and man  
as one more highway suffocates the land.

### **Authors in Order of Appearance**

James Deahl	Sheila Martindale
John B. Lee	Wayne Ray
I.B. Iskov	Elana Wolff
Jacqueline Borowick	T. Anders Carson
Vanna Tessier	Philomene Kocher
Wayne M. Brown	Stella Mazur Preda
Tracy Lynn Repchuk	April Bulmer
Norma Linder	Elizabeth Symon
Joan McGuire	Karen P. Ouelette
Nancy Morrey	Dorothy Mahoney
Anna Panunto	Lenore Langs
Hope Morritt	Marie Groundwater
Peggy Fletcher	Ellen S. Jaffe
Richard I. Thorman	Malca Litovitz
Katherine L. Gordon	Colette Coulombe
Gill Foss	Allan Briesmaster
Ronnie R. Brown	Doug Underhill
Jill Battson	Lynn Tait

Adele Kearns Thomas

Caitlin Reid

Lydia Palij

Kathleen Kemp Haynes

Katerina Fretwell

Becky Alexander

Joshua Auerbach

Vicki Goodfellow Duke

Joy Hewitt Mann

Edyth V. Harris

Ayeesha s. Kanji

Kate Marshall Flaherty

B. O'Donnell

Alistair Campbell

Sheldon Birnie

Keith Garebian

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